



A Mercy Draft

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No matter

Don't be afraid. My telling can't hurt you in spite of what I have done and I promise to lie quietly in the dark—weeping a bit or occasionally seeing the blood once more—but I will never again unfold my limbs to rise up and bare teeth. I only want to explain. You can call what I tell you a confession, if you like, but one full of curiosities familiar only in dreams and during those moments when a dog's profile plays in the steam of a kettle. Or when a corn husk doll, splayed in the corner of a room at first sight is sitting on a shelf when you turn your head and it's not clear how it got there. Stranger things happen all the time everywhere. You know. I know you know. One question is who is responsible? Another is can you read? If a pea hen refuses to brood I read it quickly and, sure enough, that night I see my mother standing hand in hand with her little boy, my shoes jamming the pocket of her apron. Other signs need more time to understand. Even now it is difficult—too many signs, or a

clear omen clouding up too fast. I sort them and try to recall, yet I know I am missing much like not reading the garden snake crawling up to the door saddle to die . Let me start with what I know for certain.

The beginning begins with the shoes. When a child, I am never able to abide being barefoot and always beg for shoes, anybody's shoes, even on the hottest days. My madre, frowning, is angry at what she says are my prettified ways. I'm dangerous, she says, but she relents and lets me wear the throwaway shoes from the master's house, pointy-toe, one raised heel broke, the other worn, a buckle on top. As a result, Lila says, my feet are useless, will always be too tender for life and never have the strong soles, tougher than leather, that life requires. It's true. Lila is right. I have the hands of a slave and the feet of a Portugese lady. So when I set out to find you, she and Mistress give me boots to fit a man, not a girl. They stuff them with hay and oiled corn husks and tell me to hide the letter inside my stocking—no matter the itch of the sealing wax. I am lettered but I do not read what Mistress writes and Lila and Soledad cannot, but I know what it means to say to anyone who stops me.

My head is light with the confusion of two things, hunger for you and fear if I am lost. Nothing frightens me more than this errand and nothing is more

temptation. From the day you disappear I dream and plot escape, a run out beyond the maples and butternut, over the hills, but I am asking myself which way? Who will tell me? Who lives in the wilderness between this farm and you and will they help or harm me? What about the boneless bears in the valley? Remember? How when they move, their pelts sway as though there is nothing underneath? Their smell belying their beauty, their eyes knowing us from when we are beasts also. You telling me that is why it is fatal to look them in the eye. They will approach, run to us to love and play, which we mis read and give back fear and anger. There are giant birds nesting out there too, bigger than cows, Lila says, and not all Indians, she says, are like her, so watch out. A praying Indian, they call her, but she bathes herself everyday and Christians never do. Underneath she wears cheerful beads and dances in secret at first light when the moon is small. More than fearing loving bears or birds bigger than cows, I fear the pathless night. How, I wonder, can I find you in the dark? Now at last there is a way. I have orders. It is arranged. I will see your mouth and trail my fingers down. You will rest your chin in my hair again while I breathe into your shoulder in and out in and out. I am happy the world is breaking open for us, yet its newness alarms me. What more, besides bears

and giant birds are out there? To get to you I must leave the only home, the only people I know. Lila says, from the state of my teeth, I am maybe six when I am brought here. We boil wild plums for jam ten times since then, so I must be sixteen. Before this place I spend my days picking okra and sweeping tobacco sheds, my nights I spend on the floor of the cook house with my madre. We are baptized and can have happiness when this life is done. The Reverend Father tells us that. Once every seven days we learn to read and write. We are forbidden to leave the place so the four of us hide near the marsh with the Reverend Father. He is forbidden to do this but he teaches us anyway watching out for Virginians who want to catch him. He has two books and a slate. We have sticks to draw through sand, pebbles to shape words on flat smooth rock. When the letters are learned we make whole words. I am faster than madre and her baby boy is no good at all. Very quickly I can write from memory the nicene creed including all of the commas. Confession we tell not write as I am doing now. I forget almost all of it until you. I like talk. Lila talk, stone talk, even Sorrow talk. Best of all is your talk. At first when I am brought here I don't talk any word. All of what I hear is different from what words mean to my mother and me. Lila's words say nothing I know. Nor Mistress'. Slowly a little

talk is in my mouth and not on stone. Lila says the place of my talking on stone is Mary's land where Sir does business. So that is where madre my mother and her baby boy are buried. Or will be if they ever decide to rest. Sleeping on the floor with them is not as nice as sleeping in the broken sleigh with Lila. In cold weather we put planks around our part of the cowshed and wrap our arms together under pelts. We don't smell the cow flops because they are frozen and we are deep under fur. In summer Lila makes a cool place to sleep out of branches protecting us from mosquitoes. In the house of Mistress and Sir there is room only for Sorrow to sleep. The men helping you, Will and Scully, never do because their own master does not allow it. They are exchange for land leased from Sir. Lila says Sir always has a clever way of getting without giving. I know it is so because I see it forever and ever—me watching, my mother listening, her baby boy on her hip. The master is not paying the whole amount he owes to Sir. Sir saying he will take instead the woman and girl, not the baby boy, and the debt is gone. Madre, my mother, begs no. Her baby boy is still at her breast. Take the girl, she says, the daughter, she says. Me. Me. Sir agrees and changes the balance due. Reverend Father takes me on a ferry, then a ketch, bundles me between his trunks of books. When I arrive

here I believe it is the place Reverend Father warns against. The freezing that comes before the everlasting fire where sinners boil and singe forever. But the ice comes first, he says. And when I see knives of it hanging from the houses and sheds and feel the white air burn my flesh I am certain the fire is coming. But Mistress smiles when she looks at me. So does Lila. Only Sorrow is not happy. She flaps her hand in front of her face as though bees are bothering her. She is ever strange and Lila says she is once more with child. Father still not known and Sorrow won't say. Will and Scully each deny. Lila believes it is Sir's. Says she has her reason for thinking so. Mistress is not pleased. Neither am I. Not because our work is more, but because mothers nursing greedy babies scare me. I know how their eyes go when they choose. How they raise them to look at me hard, saying something I can not hear. Weeping. Saying something important to me, but holding the little boy's hand.

Jacob Vaark galloped along, sweating so heavily it salted his eyes. His rented horse, Regine, was drenched and panting. Mist, hot and rife with mosquitoes, could have dampened his spirit, but didn't. As usual, the ride down the tk trail was hard, but he always took delight in the journey. Breathing the air of a world so new, so modern, so open to life never failed to invigorate him. Forests untouched since Noah; shorelines beautiful enough to bring tears. As he left Delaware [?] and crossed into Maryland, his feelings fought one another to a draw. Unlike a colony, the province could trade to foreign markets, good for planters, better for merchants, best for brokers. But the palatinate was Romish to the core, a bad thing. Vaark's sensibilities were offended by the lax, flashy, cunning of the papists. "Abhor that arrant whore of Rome." His entire school had memorized those lines from their primer. "And all her blasphemies; Drink not of her cursed cup; Obey not her decrees." Which did not mean you could not do business with them and he had out dealt them many times, especially here where tobacco and slaves were married, each currency clutching its partner's elbow. Disdain, however, was difficult to cloak. All of his previous dealing with the owner had been in town on a tavern stool. Now, for some reason, he had been given an invitation to the planter's

estate—a plantation called Bliss. To dine. So there must be trouble, he thought. Finally, swatting mosquitoes and on the watch for mud snakes that startled the horse, he glimpsed the wide iron gates of Bliss and guided Regina through them. He had heard how grand it was, but was not prepared for what lay before him. The house, honey-colored stone, was in truth more like a place where one held court. Far away to the right, beyond the iron fences enclosing the property and almost hidden by the mist, he saw rows of quarters, quiet, empty. In the fields, he reckoned, trying to limit the damage sopping weather had wrought on the crop. The comfortable smell of tobacco leaves, like fireplaces and good women serving ale, cloaked Bliss like balm. The path ended at a small brick plaza, announcing a prideful entrance to the house. He stopped. A boy appeared and, dismounting in some pain, Jacob Vaark handed over the reins, cautioning the boy.

“Water. No feed.”

“Yes, sir,” said the boy and turned the horse around, murmuring, “nice lady, nice lady,” as he led her away.

Jacob Vaark climbed three wide steps, then retraced them to stand back from the house and appraise it. Two wide windows, at least two dozen panes

in each, flanked the door. Five more windows above on a wide second story resting on six pillars. He had never seen a house like it. The wealthiest men he knew built in wood, not brick, riven clapboards and no need for the grand pillars suitable for a House of Parliament.

Grandiose, he thought, but easy, easy to build such a house in that climate. Soft wood, creamy brick, no caulking needed, everything designed for breeze, not freeze. Long hall, probably, parlors, chambers.... Easy living, but the heat...

He removed his hat and wiped the sweat from his hair line with his sleeve. Then, fingering his soaking collar, he re-mounted the steps and tested the boot scraper . Before he could knock, the door was opened by a small, contradictory man: aged and ageless, deferential and mocking, white hair black face.

"Afternoon, Sir."

"Mr. Ortega is expecting me." Vaark surveyed the room over the old man's head.

"Yes, Sir. Your hat, Sir? Thank you, Sir. This way, Sir."

Footfalls, loud and aggressive, were followed by Ortega's call.

"Well timed! Come, Jacob. The table waits."

Seated at a small table in the parlor, surrounded by graven idols, the windows closed to the boiling air, Jacob Vaark drank sassafras beer and studied his host, a Mr. Michael D'Ortega. Disaster had doubled, according to D'Ortega. Jacob Vaark knew all about it, but listened politely to the version this here client/debtor recounted. D'Ortega's ship had been anchored two hundred feet from shore for a month waiting for a vessel, due any day, to replenish what he had lost. A third of his cargo had died of ship fever. Fined five thousand pounds of tobacco by the Lord proprietary's magistrate for throwing their bodies too close to the Bay; forced to scoop up the corpses—what they could find—(they used pikes and nets, D'Ortega said, a purchase which itself cost two pounds, six) and ordered to burn or bury them. He had to pile them in two drays (sixteen s.), cart them out to low land where saltweed and crocodiles would finish the work.

Does he cut his losses and let his ship sail on to Barbados? No, thought Vaark. A sloven man, stubborn in his wrong headedness like all of the Roman

faith, he waits in port for a month for a phantom ship from Portugal carrying enough cargo to replenish the heads he has lost. While waiting to fill his ship's hold to capacity, it sinks and he has lost not only the vessel, not only the original third, but all, except the crew who were unchained, of course, and four unsalable Africans red-eyed with anger. Now he wanted six additional months to pay what he had borrowed.

Dinner was a tedious affair. It began with a prayer whispered in a language that he did not understand and cross signing before and after. Varrk's considerable hunger shrank when confronted with the heavily seasoned food: everything, except pickles and radishes, was fried or over-cooked. The wine, watered and too sweet for his taste, annoyed him and the company was worse. D'Ortega's wife was a chattering magpie, asking pointless questions—How do you manage living in snow?—and making sense-defying observations, as though her judgment was equal to a man's. Nothing transpired in the conversation that had footing in the real world. They had six children, two of whom were old enough to sit at table. Silent boys, thirteen and fourteen, wearing peri wigs as though they were at a ball or a court of law. His bitterness, he understood, was unworthy, the result of having himself no

survivors—male or otherwise. Now that Patrician had followed her dead brothers, there was no one to reap the fortune he was amassing. Thus, restraining envy as best he could, Vaark entertained himself by imagining the couple's relationship. They seemed well suited to each other—vain, voluptuous, prouder of their pewter and porcelain than their sons. It was very clear why D'Ortega was in serious debt. Turning profit into useless baubles, unembarrassed by prettification, silk stockings and an over-dressed wife, he would remain in debt, unable to ride out any set back, whether it be lost ship or ruined crop, and thereby, honor his debts. Watching the couple, he noticed that neither husband nor wife looked at each other—except for a stolen glance when the other looked away. He could not tell what was in those surreptitious peeks, but it amused him to divine their meaning while he endured the foolish talk and the inedible food brought to table by a woman who smelled of cloves.

Tk

His own Rebekka seemed more valuable to him each time he was in the company of these rich men's wives. From the moment he saw her struggling down the gang plank with two boxes and a heavy satchel, he knew his good fortune. Plump, comely and capable, she had been worth the long

negotiations. There was not a shrewish bone in her body. She never raised her voice in anger. Saw to his needs, made the tenderest dumplings, took to chores in a land completely strange to her with enthusiasm and invention, cheerful as a canary. Or used to be. Three dead infants in a row, followed by the accidental death of Patrician, their eight year old, had un-leavened her. A kind of invisible ash had settled over her which vigils at the small graves near the meadow did nothing to wipe away. Yet she neither complained nor shirked her duties. If anything, she threw herself more vigorously into the farm work and when he traveled, as now, on business, trading, collecting, lending, he had no doubts about how his home was being managed. Rebekka and her two helpers were as reliable as sunrise and strong as posts.

Dessert, fruit and pecans, was an improvement and when he accompanied D'Ortega on the impossible-to-refuse tour of the place, his mood had lifted slightly, enough to admire the estate honestly. The tobacco sheds, wagons, row after row of barrels—orderly and nicely kept—the well made meat house, milk house, laundry, cook house. All but the latter white washed plaster, a jot smaller than the slave quarters but, unlike them, in excellent repair. The subject, the purpose, of his visit had not been resolved. D'Ortega had

described with great attention to detail the accidents beyond his control that made him unable to pay what he owed. But how Vaark would be re-imbursed had not been broached. Examining the spotted, bug ridden leaves of tobacco, it became clear to him what D'Ortega had left to offer. Vaark refused. His farm was small, his trade needed only himself. Besides having no place to put them, there was nothing to occupy them.

"But you can sell them, easily." said D'Ortega.

Vaark winced. Flesh was not his commodity.

Still, at his host's insistence, he accompanied him to the little sheds where some two dozen or more had been assembled to stand in a line, including the boy who had watered Regina. The two men walked the row, inspecting. D'Ortega identifying virtues, weaknesses and possibilities, but silent about the scars, the wounds like misplaced veins tracing their skin. One even had the facial brand required by local law when a slave assaulted a white man a second time. The women's eyes looked shot-proof, gazing beyond place and time as though they were not actually there. The men looked at the ground. Except, every now and then, when possible, when they thought they were not being evaluated, Vaark could see their quick glances, sideways, wary but, most of all,

judging the men who judged them.

Suddenly Vaark felt his stomach seize. The tobacco odor, so welcoming when he arrived, now nauseated him. Or was it the sugared rice, the hog cuts fried and dripping with molasses, the cocoa Mrs. D'Ortega was giddy about? In any case, he couldn't stay there surrounded by a passel of slaves whose silence made him imagine an avalanche seen from a great distance. No sound just the knowledge of a roar he could not hear. He begged off, saying the exchange was not acceptable—too much trouble to transport, auction; his solitary, unencumbered proficiency was what he liked about trade. Coins, bills of credit, quit claims were portable. One satchel carried all he needed. They walked back toward the house and through the side gate in the ornate fence, D'Ortega explaining all the while: he would do the selling, forty pounds? arrange transportation, hire the handler .

Vaark, stomach turning, nostrils assailed, grew angry. This is a calamity, he thought, that will lead to years in a law suit in a province ruled by the King's judges disinclined to favor a protestant. The loss, while not unmanageable, struck him as unforgivable. And to such a man. D'Ortega's strut as they had walked the property offended him. Moreover, he believed the set of that jaw,

the drooping lids hid something soft, like his hands that, accustomed to reins, whips and silver plate, had never held a plow or felled a tree. Oh, there was something beyond Catholic in him, something sordid and overripe. He felt the shame of his weakened position. No wonder they had been excluded from parliament back home and, although he did not believe they should be hunted down like vermin, other than on business he would never choose to mingle or socialize with them. Barely listening to Ortega's patter, sly, indirect instead of straight and manly, they neared the cook house where Vaark saw a woman standing in the door with two children. One on her hip, one hiding behind her skirts. She looked healthy enough, better fed than the others. On a whim, mostly to silence him, knowing D'Ortega would refuse, he said, "Her. That one. I'll take her."

D'Ortega stopped short, a startled look on his face. "Ah, no. It is impossible. My wife won't allow it. She can't live without her. She is our main cook."

Vaark drew closer, recognizing the clove-laced sweat. "You said 'any.' I could choose any. If your word is worthless, there is only the law."

"Well, yes," said D'Ortega, "but there are other women here. You've

seen them and this one here is nursing."

"Then the law it is."

Just then the little girl stepped from behind the mother. On her feet were a pair of way too big woman's shoes. Perhaps the hopelessness of the situation, his own stupidity and the sight of those little legs, rising like two bramble sticks from the bashed and broken shoes made him laugh. A loud, chest-heaving laugh that eased his stomach a bit. Before his laughter subsided, the woman clutching the child on her hip, came forward. "Please, sir. Not me. I am still breast feeding. Take her. Take my daughter."

Vaark looked up at her, away from the child's feet, his mouth still open with laughter, and was struck by the terror in her eyes. His laughter creaking to a close, he shook his head, thinking God help me if this is not the most wretched business.

"Why yes. Of course," said D'Ortega. "I'll send her to you. Immediately." D'Ortega seemed agitated.

"I decline the favor," said Vaark, thinking, I've got to get away from this place before I lose my dinner and my temper; but thinking also, maybe Rebekka would welcome a child around the place. This one, here, swimming in shoes,

appeared to be about the same age as Patrician, and if she got kicked in the head by a mare as Patrician had, the loss would not rock Rebekka so.

"There is a priest here," D'Ortega went on. "He can bring her to you. I'll have him board a sloop to any port on the coast you desire...."

"Yes, well...."

The woman smelling of cloves knelt and closed her eyes.

Vaark thought if he didn't get to a chamber pot or a privy soon...."Excuse me. I am somewhat unsettled. If there's a privy close would you direct me to it?"

They wrote new papers. Agreeing the girl was worth ten pounds considering the number of years ahead of her and reducing the balance by three hogshead of tobacco or fifteen English pounds—the latter preferred. The tension lifted, visibly so on D'Ortega's face. Eager to get away, Vaark said hurried goodbyes to Mrs. D'Ortega, the two boys and their father. On his way to the narrow track, he turned Regina around, waved at the couple and once again, in spite of himself, envied the house, the gate, the fence. Might it be nice, such a fence to enclose the headstones near his meadow? And one day, not too far away, to build a house that size on his own property? On that rise,

in back with a better prospect of the hills. Not as ornate, as D'Ortega's. None of that pagan excess, of course. But fair.

He whipped Regina to a faster pace. The sun was low; the going cooler. He was in a hurry to get to the tavern in town before night, sleep in a bed if they weren't all packed three or four abreast, otherwise he would join the other patrons and curl on any surface. But first he would have one, perhaps two, drafts of ale, its bitter, clear taste critical to eliminating the sweetish rot of sin and ruined tobacco that seemed to coat his tongue.

Seated at last, he listened to the talk around him, which was all sugar—which was to say rum—its price and demand becoming greater than tobacco's. He would look into it. Later that night, despite the heat, he slept well enough. Probably because his dreams were of a grand house of many rooms rising on a hill above the fog.

Since your leaving sudden with no goodbye, summer passes, then autumn and with the waning of winter the sickness comes back. Not like before with Sorrow but now with Sir. When he returns this time he is different, slow and hard to please. He sweats and wants water all the time and no one wants to believe the blisters are going to be Sorrow's old sickness. He vomits at night and weeps in the day. Then he is too weak to do either. He reminds us that he has bought only seasoned slaves, including me, who are survivors of measles so how is this happening to him? He can not help envying us our health and feeling cheated of his new house. I can tell you it is still not finished. The gate is still beautiful; your ironwork wondrous to see. The house is grand, waiting only for window glass. Sir wants to be taken there even though there is no furniture. He tells Mistress to hurry hurry never mind the spring rain pouring down for days. The sickness alters his mind as well as his face. Will and Scully are gone and when we women each holding a corner of a blanket carry him

into the house without windows he is sleeping with his mouth wide open and never wakes. Neither Mistress nor we know if he is alive for even one minute to smell the new cherry wood floors he lies on. We are alone. No one to dig Sir's grave but us. Will and Scully stay away. I don't think they want to. I think their master makes them because of the sickness. The Pastor does not come even though he is Anabaptist. Still, we do not say the word aloud until we bury him next to his children and Mistress notices two in her mouth. Pox. After we say it the next morning two are on her tongue, twenty-three on her face. Thirty-three in all. She wants you here as much as I do. For her it is to save her life. For me it is to have one.

You probably don't know anything at all about what your back looks like whatever the sky holds: sunlight, moon rise. I rest there. My hand, my eyes, my mouth. The first time I see it you are shaping iron in fire. The shine of water runs down your spine and I have shock at myself for wanting to lick there. I run away into the cowshed to stop this thing from happening inside me. Nothing stops it. There is only you. Nothing outside of you. My eyes not my stomach are the hungry parts of me. There will never be enough time to look how you move. Your arm goes up to strike iron. You drop to one knee. You bend.

You stop to pour water first on the iron then down your throat. Before you know I am in the world I am killed by your back. My mouth is open, my hands shaking and the heart is stretching to break. I think if you turn and see me seeing you I will die. But when I see your face again I am not dead. For the first time I am live.

Night comes and I steal a candle. I carry an ember in a pot to light it. To see more of you. When it is lit I shield the flame with my hand. I watch you sleeping. I watch too long. Am careless. The flame burns my palm. I run away not knowing then you are seeing me seeing you.

Tr. Tk

We are seven, excluding the Brothers Ney, and the horses are not the only ones made nervous by snowflakes in springtime. Their haunches tremble; they shake their manes. We are nervous too, but we sit still as the flakes come down and stick to our shawls and hats; sugaring our eyelashes and flouring the men's wooly beards. Two women face into the wind that whips their hair like corn silk; their eyes slits of shine. The others cover their mouths with their cloaks and lean against one another. A boy with a pigtail sits on the wagon floor, his hands tied to his feet. He and I are the only ones without blankets

covering our feet.

Sudden snowfall on tender leaves is pretty. Perhaps it will last long enough on the ground to make animal tracking easy. Men are always pleased in the snow where killing is best. No one can starve if there is snow. And in spring, the river is full of spawn and the air of fowl. Although this snow will not last, it is heavy, wet and cold. I draw my feet under my skirt, not for warmth, but to protect the letter. The cloth of food I clutch on my lap.

Mistress makes me memorize the way to get to you. I am to board the Brothers Ney wagon in the morning as it travels north on the post road. After one stop at a tavern, the wagon will arrive at Hartkill just after midday where I disembark. I am to walk left, westward on another road which I will know by the sapling bent into the earth with one sprout growing skyward. But the Brothers Ney are late. When I climb aboard and take a place at the tail behind the others, it is already late afternoon. The others do not ask me where I am headed but after a while are pleased to whisper where they have been. By the sea, the women say, they cleaning ships, the men repairing docks. They are certain their years are paid but hear the master say no, more time is necessary. He sends them away, north, to another place, a tannery for two more years. I

don't understand why they are sad. Everyone has to work. I ask did you leave someone dear behind. All heads turn toward me and the wind dies. Daft, the man says. A woman across from me says, young. The man says, same. Another woman raises her voice to say leave her be. Too loud. Settle down back there the driver is shouting. The one who says I am daft bends down to scratch his ankle scratching for a long time while the others cough and scrape their shoes as if to defy the driver's command. The woman next to me whispers, there are no coffins in a tannery, only fast death.

The tavern needs lamplight when we reach it. At first I don't see it, but one of us, a man, points and then we all do. Winking through the trees is a light. The Neys go in. We wait. They come out to water the horses and us and go in again. After that there are scuffling sounds again. I look down and see the rope that falls from their ankles twisting along the wagon bed. The snow ends and the sun is gone. Quiet, quiet, six drop down, the men catching the women in their arms. The boy jumps alone. Three of the women motion to me. My heart thumps and I drop down too. They move off back down where we are coming from, stepping as best they can figure in tree shelter at roadside, places where the snow is small. I don't follow. Neither can I stay in the wagon. My

fear is like ice. I must not be alone with strange men when, liquored and angry, they discover their cargo is lost. I have to choose quick. I choose you. I go west into the trees. Everything I want is west. You. Your talk. The medicine you know that will make Mistress well. You will hear what I have to say and come back with me. I have only to go west. Two days. Three nights.

I am walking in trees lining the road. North where the sapling bends into the earth with a forced sprout that points to the sky. Then west to you. I am hurrying to gain ground before all light is over. The land slopes sharply and I have no way to go but down as well. Hard as I try I lose the road. Tree leaves are too new for shelter so everywhere the ground is slop with snow and my foot prints slide and pool. The sky is the color of currants. Can I go more I wonder. Should I. Two hares freeze before bounding away. I hear water running and move in the dark toward the sound. I need Lila to say how to shelter in wilderness.

Lila could not bear to enter or go near it. It was to be the third and final house. The first one Sir built was weaker than the bark covered one she herself was born in. The second was strong—four rooms of stone large enough for a modest family. Yet at the very moment when there were no children to occupy or inherit it, he meant to build another, bigger, double storied, fenced and gated like the one he saw on a business trip. Mistress had sighed and confided to Lila that at the least the doing of it would keep him more on the land. “Trading and traveling fill his pockets,” she’d said, “but he had been content to be a planter when we married. Now....” Her voice had trailed off as she yanked away at the turkey hen’s feathers.

But it turned out all bad. When the house was close to completion he fell sick with nothing else on his mind.

Sir mystified Lila. All whites did. Once they had terrified her, then they

had rescued her. Now they simply puzzled her. Why, she wondered, had Mistress sent a love sick girl to find the smithy. If she is not stolen or killed, if she finds him safe she would not return. Why should she? Lila had watched with mild envy and constant amusement the courtship that began the morning the smithy came to work on Sir's foolish house. The girl had stood still, a startled doe, when he dismounted his horse, doffed his hat and asked if this was the Vaark place. Lila had shifted the milk bucket to her left hand and pointed up the hill. Mistress, leading the heifer, had come around the corner of the barn and asked him his business, sucking her teeth when he answered.

"Dear Lord," she murmured. Then, "Wait here."

As she led the cow to pasture the smithy locked eyes with Lila before returning his hat to his head. He never once looked at the girl standing nearby, not breathing, holding the milking stool with both hands as though to help gravity keep her earthbound. When Mistress returned, rubbing her hands on her apron, he removed his hat once more and did something Lila had never seen a workman do: he looked directly at Mistress, lowering his glance, for he was very tall, never blinking. In the town Lila had been taken to, after the conflagration had erased her village, that kind of boldness was legitimate cause

for a whip. An unfathomable puzzle . Whites could calmly cut children down, blast old men in the face with firearms louder than moose calls, but were enraged if a not-white looked a white in the eye. On the one hand they would torch your home; on the other they would feed, nurse and bless you. And one, at least, could become your friend, which is why she slept on the floor beside Mistress's bed and kept watch in case Sorrow interfered or Mistress needed soothing.

Once, long ago, had Lila been older or tutored in healing she might have eased the pain of the people dying all around her: on pallets of straw, lapping at the lake's shore, curled in paths within the village and in the forest beyond, but most tearing at blankets they could neither abide nor abandon. Infants fell silent first, and even as their mothers heaped earth over their bones, they too were pouring sweat and limp as wet rope . When news of the deaths sweeping though her village reached outward, men in uniforms came, their faces wrapped in rags. Lila's joy at being rescued turned to ice as the soldiers, having taken one look at the corpses strewn about, circled the whole village with fire.

Tk

Lila had placed magic pebbles under Mistress's pillow; kept the room fresh with mint and forced angelica root in her patient's festering mouth to keep the bad spirits out of the sickroom. She prepared the most powerful remedy she knew: devil's bit, mugwort, St. John's wort, maiden hair, and periwinkle; boiled it, strained it and spooned it into Mistress's mouth. She considered repeating some of the prayers she learned as a child among Christians, but since none had saved Sir, she abandoned the notion. He went quickly. Begging to be taken to his third house. The big one, useless now that there were no children or children's children to live in it. No one to stand in awe at its size or to admire the wrought gate that the smithy took two months to make. But if the smithy's work was a frivolous waste of a grown man's time, his presence was not. He brought one girl to womanhood and saved the life of another. Sorrow. ~~Dark-haired~~, vixen-eyed Sorrow. Accepted, not bought, by Sir, she joined the household after Lila but before the girl and still had no memory of her past life except being dragged ashore by whales.

with a head of wild, wooly hair the color of a setting sun.

"Not whales," Mistress had said. "Of course not. She was treading water in the North River in Mohawk country, near to drowning when two young sawyers trawled her in, wrapped her in a blanket and brought their father to the

river bank where she lay."

Not then, not ever had she spoken of how she got there or where she had been. The sawyer's wife named her Sorrow and following a winter of feeding the daft girl who kept wandering off getting lost, who knew nothing and worked less, a strange, melancholy girl to whom her sons were paying very close attention, the wife asked her husband to get quit of her. He obliged and offered her to the care of a customer he trusted. Sir. When Sorrow arrived, Mistress barely hid her annoyance but admitted the place could use the help. If Sir was bent on travel, two female farmers were not enough.

Lila watched while Mistress trained Sorrow to sewing, the one task she liked and was good at, and said nothing when Sir made the girl sleep by the fireplace all seasons. To stop her roaming, he said. Hard company, she was, needing constant attention. As at this very daybreak when, out of necessity, she had been trusted with the milking. The cow, Sorrow siad, had kicked when she touched her. Lila left the sickroom to mind her—talk to her first, hum a little then slowly cradle the tender teats with a palm of cream. The spurts were sporadic, worthless, except for the cow's relief, and after she had oiled her into conformt, Lila rushed back into the house. No good could come of leaving Mistress

alone with Sorrow. The girl dragged misery like a tail. There was a man in Lila's village like that. His name she had forgotten along with the rest of her language, but it meant "trees fall behind him," suggesting his influence on the surroundings. In Sorrow's presence, eggs would not allow themselves to be beaten into foam, nor yeast bread rise. Now, more than unreliable, she was pregnant and soon there would be another virgin birth and, perhaps, this one would not die. But if Mistress died, what then? Herself, Sorrow, a new born and Florens—three unspoken for women and an infant out here, alone, belonging to no one, became wild game for anyone. Life, everything depended on Mistress's survival which depended on Floren's success.

Lila had fallen in love with her right away, as soon as she saw her shivering in the snow. A frightened six year old who did not speak for a long time but when she did her light, sing song voice was a delight to hear. An odd, but easy companion, the child learned quickly, was eager to know more and would have been the perfect one to find the blacksmith if only she had not been sickened with love of him.

Tk 5: Florens ,Algonquin girls bathing in stream

6

How long will it take will she get lost will he be there will he come will someone steal her? She liked shoes when she first came, and only when Lila noticed and made her some, did she say a word.

Rebekka's thoughts bled into one another, confusing events and time but not people. The need to swallow, the pain of doing so, the unbearable urge to tear her skin from the bones underneath stopped only when she was unconscious—not asleep because as far as the dreams were concerned it was the same as being awake.

"I shat in a bucket for four months to get to this land."

She has told this to Lila over and over. Lila being the only one she has

ever talked to without restraint. The only one whose understanding she trusted and whose judgement she valued. Even now, in dark of night, with less sleep than her mistress, Lila was burning something to soothe her patient, put her to sleep. Whispering and shaking a doll around the bed.

"In public," said Rebekka. "There was no other way for us women packed like cod between decks."

There was nothing in the world to prepare her for a life of water, on water, about water, sickened by it and desperate for it. Mesmerized and bored by the look of it especially at night when the women were allowed another hour on deck. Then she talked to the sea. "Stay still, don't hurt me. No, move, move, excite me. Give me something I can eat. Here is my spit, my peelings, my waste. Keep my secrets way down below and I will keep yours: the smell of you is like fresh monthly blood; you guzzle moonlight like Pa guzzles ale; you own this place and land is after thought to entertain you; the world in and beneath you is your heaven and, if truth be told, maybe ours as well."

They had warned her the savages would slaughter them all as soon as they landed, so when she found Lila already there, waiting near the one room house her new husband had built for them, she bolted the door at night and

would not let the raven-haired girl with impossible skin sleep anywhere near. Fourteen or so, stone faced she was, and it took a while for trust between them. Perhaps because both were alone without family, or because both had to please one man they became what was for each a kind of friend. A pair, anyway, the result of the mute alliance that comes of sharing tasks, of depending on the rhythm of one to hold the head while the other one tied the trotters. Or one turning the soil while, trailing behind, the other marked open the row. And then, when the first infant was born Lila handled it so tenderly, with such knowing, Rebekka was ashamed of her early fears and pretended she'd never had them. Now, lying in bed, her hands wrapped and bound against self-mutilation, her lips drawn back from her teeth, she remembered everything, in no particular order. The first hangings she saw in the public square amid a happy crowd attending. She was barely two years old, and the death faces would have frightened her if the crowd had not mocked and enjoyed them so. With the rest of her family and most of her neighbors, she was present at a drawing and quartering but, although too young to remember every detail, the dreams of it were made permanently vivid by years of re-telling and re-describing by family members. She did not know what a 'fifth

monarchist' was—then or now— but it was clear in her household that execution was a festivity as exciting as a king's parade. Brawls, knifings and kidnaps were so common in the city of her birth, that the warnings of slaughter in a new, unseen world were like threats of bad weather. The violent squabbles between local tribes or with militia that peppered this region seemed a distant, manageable back drop in a land of such space and perfume. Trees taller than church spires, wood for warmth so plentiful it made you laugh then weep for the shivering children in the city she had left behind. She had never seen birds like these, or tasted fresh water that ran over visible white stones. Well, yes, there were monstrous storms here with snow piled higher than the sill of a shutter. And summer insects swarmed with a song louder than church bells. Yet the thought of what her life would be had she stayed crushed into those reeking streets, spat on by Lords and prostitutes, curtsying, curtsying, curtsying still repelled her. Here she answered to her husband alone and paid polite attendance (time and weather permitting) to the only meeting house in the area. Anabaptists who were not the satanists her parents called them—as they did anyone dissenting from their own beliefs—but sweet, generous people for all their confounding views. Views that got them and the horrible Quakers beaten

bloody in their own meeting house back home.

There had been an early rescue, however, and the possibility of better things in Church School where she was chosen as one of four to be trained and educated for domestic service. Then the big rescue when her father got notice of a man overseas looking for a strong wife rather than a dowry. Between the warning of immediate slaughter and the promise of married bliss, she believed in neither. Yet, without money, her prospects were servant, prostitute, convent, wife—the last one the safest. [Tk] The intermittent skirmishes of men against men, arrows against powder, fire against hatchet that she heard about from neighbors could not match the gore of what she had seen since childhood. The pile of frisky, still living human entrails thrown into a bucket and tossed into the Thames; fingers trembling for a lost torso; the hair of a woman guilty of mayhem bright with flame. Compared to that, death by shipwreck or tomahawk paled. She did not know what the settler families nearby once knew of routine dismemberment and violence, but she did not share their alarm when, three months after the fact, news came of a pitched battle or a peace gone awry. With the few neighbors she was soft spoken; in the meeting house she was accommodating and when they explained their

beliefs she did not roll her eyes. It was when they refused to baptize her first born that Rebekka turned away. More and more it was in Lila's company that she let misery seep out.

"I chastised her for a torn shift, Lila, and next thing I know she is lying in the snow. Her little head cracked like an egg."

It would have embarrassed her to mention personal sorrow in prayer; to be other than stalwart in grief; to let God know she was less than thankful for His watch. She had delivered four healthy babies, watched three surrender at a different age to one or another illness, and then watched Patrician, the first born, who reached the age of eight and provided a happiness Rebekka could not believe, die in her arms with a broken crown. And then to bury her twice. First under branches because the frozen ground could not accept the coffin so they had to leave her to freeze in it, and second in late spring when they could place her among her brothers with the Anabaptists attending. Weak, pustulate, her own death was what she should be trying to concentrate on. She could hear its hooves clacking on the roof, could see the cloaked figure on horseback. But whenever the immediate torment subsided, her thoughts traveled to Patrician's matted hair, the soap cake she used to clean it, the rinses

over and over to free every honey-brown strand from the awful blood darkening like her mind to black. Rebekka never looked at the coffin waiting under branches for thaw. But when finally the earth softened, when Jacob could get traction with the spade and they let the coffin down, she sat on the ground holding on to her elbows oblivious of the damp and watched every clod and clump fall. She stayed there all day and through the night. No one, not Jacob, Sorrow or Lila could get her up. And not Pastor either since he and his flock had been the ones whose beliefs would not let them baptize her newborns. She growled when they touched her; threw the blanket from her shoulders. They left her alone then, shaking their heads, muttering prayers. At dawn in a light rain Lila came and arranged jewelry and food on the grave, along with scented leaves, telling her that her children, the boys and Patrician, were stars now, or something equally lovely, yellow and green birds, playful foxes, or the rose tinted clouds collecting at the edge of the sky. Pagan stuff, true, but more satisfying than the I- accept- and- will-see- you- at- Judgment Day prayers Rebekka had been taught and heard repeated by Pastor. There had been a summer day once, when she sat in front of the house sewing and talking profanely while Lila stirred boiling linen at her side.

I don't think God knows who we are. I think He would like us, if He knew us, but I don't think He knows about us.

But He made us, Miss, no?

He did. But He made the tails of peacocks too. That must have been harder.

We sing and talk. Peacocks do not.

We need to; peacocks don't. What else do we have?

Thoughts. Hands to make things.

All well and good. But that's our business. Not God's. He is doing something else in the world. We are not on His mind.

What is He doing, then, if not watching us?

God knows.

Then they sputtered with laughter, like little girls hiding behind the stable loving the danger of their talk. She could not decide if Patrician's accident by a cloven hoof was rebuke or proof of the pudding.

Now here, in bed, her deft, industrious hands wrapped in linen lest she claw her self bloody, she could not tell if she was speaking aloud or simply thinking.

"I shat in public..."

He was bigger than she imagined. All the men she had known were small, hardened but small. Mr. Vaark (it took some time before she could say, Jacob) picked up all three of her boxes after touching her face and smiling. Following him, feeling the strange resilience of land after months at sea, she tripped on the wooden walk and tore the hem of her gown. He did not even turn around, so she grabbed a fistful of skirt and trotted along to the wagon, refusing the hand he offered to help her mount. It was seal and deal. He would offer her no pampering. She would not accept it if he did. A perfect equation for the work that lay ahead. And the sorrow.

Now, she thought, there is no one except servants. Jacob gone and buried by the women he left behind; children rose-tinted clouds in the sky. Sorrow frightened for her own future if I die. Lila steady, unmoved by any catastrophe as though she has seen and survived everything. And Florens? How long will it take will he be there will she get lost will someone steal her will he return?

I come into a part where cows are grazing among the trees and I know if cows are in the woods a farm or village is near. Neither Sir nor Mistress will let their few heads loose like that. They fence the meadow because they want the manure and not a quarrel with neighbors. Mistress says Sir says grazing will soon die in the meadow so he has other business because farming will never be enough in these parts. Black flies alone will kill all hope for it if marauding wild life does not.

I walk down the path and over a narrow bridge past a mill wheel turning in a stream. The creaking wheel and rushing water are what shape the quiet. Hens sleep and dogs forbidden. I am so thirsty I climb down the bank and lap from the stream. It tastes like candle wax. Heavy with water I make my way back to the path. I need shelter. The sun is setting itself. Two cottages have windows but no lamp shines through. The others resemble small barns that can accept the day's light only through open doors. None is open. There is no cooksmoke in the air. I am thinking everybody has gone away. Then I see a steeple on a hill beyond the village and am certain the people are at evening prayer. Rather than go there, I decide to knock on the door of the largest house, the one most likely to have a servant on watch. Moving toward it, I look

over my shoulder and see a light further away. It is the single lit house in the village so I decide to go there. Rocks interfere at each step rubbing the sealing wax hard into my sole. Rain starts. Soft. It should smell sweet with the flavor of the pines and sycamores it has crossed, but it has a burn smell, like pin feathers singed before the boiling.

Before I can knock, a woman opens the door. She is much bigger than Lila and has green eyes. The rest of her is a brown frock and a white cap. Red hair edges it. She is suspicious and holds up her hand, palm out, as though I might force my way in. Who hath sent you she asks. I say please. I say I am alone. No one sends me. Shelter calls me here. She looks behind me left and right and asks if I have no protection, no companion? I say No madam. She is not persuaded and asks am I of this earth or elsewhere? Her face is hard. I say this earth madam I know no other. Christian or heathen, she asks. Never heathen I say. I say although I am told my father was. And where does he abide, she asks. The rain is getting bigger. Hunger wobbles me. I say I never knew him and my mother is dead. Her face softens and she nods saying orphan, step in.

She tells me her name, Widow Ealing, but does not ask mine. You must

excuse me, she says, but there is some danger about. What danger I ask. Evil, she says, but you must never mind.

I try to eat slowly and fail. Sopping hard bread into lovely, warm barley porridge, I don't lift my head except to say "thank you" when she ladles more into my bowl. She places a handful of raisins next to it. We are in a good sized room with fireplace, table, chairs and two sleeping places—the box bed and a pallet. There are two closed doors to other places and a kind of closet, dim with a partial wall at the rear where jugs and bowls are kept.

Then I notice a girl lying in the narrow box of straw. Under her head is a blanket roll. One of her eyes looks away; the other is as straight and unwavering as a she wolf. I don't think I should begin any words so I wait for the girl or the Widow to say something. At the foot of the bed of straw is another very small one. A kid lies there, too sick to raise its head or make a sound. When I finish the food down to the last raisin, the Widow asks what is my purpose traveling alone. I tell her my mistress has sent me on an errand. She turns her lips down saying it must be vital to risk a female's life in these parts. My Mistress is dying, I say. My errand can save her. She smiles then

and looks either toward the fireplace or the kid. Not from the first death, she says. Perhaps from the second.

I don't understand her meaning. I know there is only one death, not two and many lives beyond it. Remember the owls in daylight? We know right away who they are. You know the pale one is your father. I think I know who the other ones may be.

The girl lying in straw raises up on her elbow. This be the death we have come here to die, she says. Her voice is deep, like a man's though she looks to be younger than me. Widow Ealing doesn't reply and I do not want to look at those eyes anymore. The girl speaks again. No thrashing, she says, can change it though my flesh is cut to ribbons. She stands then and limps to the table where the lamp burns. Holding it waist high, she lifts her skirts. I see dark blood beetling down her legs. In the light pouring over her pale skin her wounds look like living jewelry.

This is my daughter Jane, the Widow says. Those lashes may save her life.

It is late, Widow Ealing is saying. They will not come til morning. She closes the shutters, turns off the lamp and stretches on the pallet. Daughter

Jane returns to her straw. The dark in here is greater than the cowshed, thicker than the forest. No moonlight seeps through a single crack. I lie between the sick kid and the fireplace and my sleep is broken into pieces by their voices. Silence is long and then they talk. I can tell who it is not only by the direction of the sound but because the Widow says words in a way different from her daughter. A more singing way. So I know it is Daughter Jane who says how can I prove I am not a demon, and it is the Widow who says sssst it is they who will decide. Silence, silence, then back and forth they go. It is the pasture they crave, Mother. Then why not me? You may be next. Two say they have seen the Black Man and that he—the Widow does not say more for a while and then, she says we will know comes the morning. They will allow that I am, says Daughter Jane. They talk over each other: The knowing is theirs, the truth is mine, truth is God's, then what mortal can judge me, you talk like a Spaniard, listen, please listen, be still lest He hear you, He will not abandon me, nor will I, yet you bloodied my flesh, how many times do you have to hear it demons do not bleed.

You never told me that and it's a good thing to know. If my mother is not dead she can be teaching me these things.

I believe I am the only one who falls asleep , and I wake in shame because the animals are already lowing. Tinny bahs come from the kid as the Widow picks it up in her arms and takes it outside to nurse the dam. When she returns, she un-shutters both windows and leaves the door wide open. Two hens strut in, another flies through a window, joining the others in their search for scraps. I ask permission to use the commode behind a heavy hempen curtain hanging in the closet. When I finish and step around the wall I see Daughter Jane holding her face in her hands while the Widow freshens the leg wounds. New strips of blood gleam among the dried ones

At table for a breakfast of clabber and bread, the Widow and Daughter Jane put their palms together, bow their heads and murmur. I do likewise, whispering the prayer Reverend Father taught me to say at night, Madre repeating with me. Pater Noster... At the end I raise my hand to touch my forehead and catch Daughter Jane's frown. She shakes her head meaning no. So I pretend I am adjusting my head cloth. The Widow spoons jam onto the clabber and we two eat. Daughter Jane refuses so we eat what she cannot. Afterwards the Widow goes to the fireplace and swings the kettle over the fire. I take the bowls and spoons from the table to the back where a basin of water

sits on a narrow table. I rinse and wipe each piece carefully. The air is tight. Water rises to a boil in the fireplace kettle. I turn to see steam forming shapes as it curls against the stone. One looks like the head of a dog.

All of us hear footsteps climbing the path. I am in the back behind the wall cleaning up and although I can not see them, I hear their talk. The Widow offers the visitors chairs, they refuse, a man's voice saying this is preliminary yet witnesses are several. Widow interrupts him saying, her daughter's eye is askew as God made it, it has no special power. And look, look at her wounds. God's Son bled. We bleed. Demons, never.

I step away from the wall and into the room. Standing there are a man, three women and a little girl who reminds me of myself when my mother sent me on. Each turn to look at me as the little girl screams and hides behind the skirts of one of the gasping women. The man's walking stick clatters to the floor causing a hen to flutter out the door. He retrieves it, points it at me saying who be this? One of the women covers her eyes, saying God help us. The little girl wails and rocks back and forth. The Widow waves both hands saying, she is a guest seeking shelter from the night. We took her in –how could we not–and fed her. Which night? the man asks. This one past, she answers. One woman

speaks saying I have never seen any human this black. I have seen some says another, this one is as black as others I have seen. She is Afric. No, says another. Just look at this child, says the first woman. She points to the little girl shaking and moaning by her side. Hear her. Hear her. It is true then, says the man. The Black Man is among us. This is his minion. The little girl is inconsolable, sobbing, trembling. The woman whose skirts she clings to takes her outside where she is quickly quiet. I am not understanding anything except that I am in danger as the dog's head shows and Mistress is my only defense. I shout, wait. I shout, please sir. I think they have shock that I can talk. Let me show you my letter, I say, quieter. It proves I am nobody's minion but my Mistress. As quick as I can, I remove my boot and roll down my stocking. The women stretch their mouths, the man looks away then slowly back. I pull out Mistress's letter and offer it but no one will touch it. The man orders me to place it on the table but he is afraid to break the seal. He tells the Widow to do it. She picks at the wax with her finger nails. When it falls away she unfolds the paper. It is too thick to stay flat by itself. Everyone, including Daughter Jane, who rises from her bed, stares at the markings upside down and it is clear only the man is lettered. Holding the tip of his walking stick down on the paper,

he turns it right side up and holds it there as if the letter can fly away or turn to ash minus flame before his eyes. He leans low and examines it closely. Then he picks it up and reads aloud.

The signatory of this letter, Mistress Rebekka Vaark of Milton, vouches for the girl person into whose hands it has been placed. She is owned by me and can be identified by a burn mark in the palm of her left hand. Allow her the courtesy of safe passage and witherall she may need to complete her errand. Our life, my life, on this earth depends on her speedy return.

Signed Rebekka Vaark

Other than a small sound from Daughter Jane, all is quiet. The man looks at me, looks again at the letter, back at me, back at the letter. You see, says the Widow. He ignores her, turns to the two women and whispers. They point me toward a door that opens onto a store room and there, standing among carriage boxes, and a spinning wheel, they tell me to take off my clothes. Without touching, they tell me what to do. To show them my teeth, my tongue. They peer at the candle burn on my palm, the one you kissed to cool, they look under my arms, between my legs, they walk around me, lean down to inspect my feet. Naked under their curiosity I watch for what is in their eyes.

No hatred is there or fear or even disgust, but looking at me, my body, across distances without recognition. Cows look at me with more connection when they raise their heads from the water trough. The women look away from my eyes the way you say I am to do with the bears so they will not come close to love and play. Finally they tell me to dress and leave the room shutting the door behind them. I put my clothes back on. I hear them quarrel. The little girl is back, not sobbing now but saying, she pinches me, here and here. A woman's voice asks would Satan write a letter. Satan is all deceit and trickery, says another. But a woman's life may be at stake, says the Widow. Who will be punished then? The man's voice booms, we will tell the others, we will study on this, pray on it and return with our answer. It is not clear, it seems, whether or no I am the Black Man's minion. Dressed I step into the room and the little girl screams and flails her arms. I am instructed by the man not to leave the house. He takes the letter with him. The Widow follows him down the path pleading, pleading.

Then she returns and say they need time to discuss more among themselves. She has hope because of the letter. Daughter Jane laughs. Widow Easling kneels to pray. She prays a long time then stands saying I have

to see someone. I need his witness and help.

Who, asks Daughter Jane.

The sherif says the Widow.

Daughter Jane curls her mouth

Daughter Jane boils duck eggs and when cool wraps them in a piece of cloth. She folds a blanket and hands it to me, motioning with two fingers to follow. We leave the house, scurrying around to the back yard. Chickens cluck and fly from our feet. We run through the pasture. One cow turns to look. The other does not. We squeeze between the fence slats and enter the trees. Now we walk, softly, Daughter Jane leading the way. The sun empties itself, pouring what is left through tree shadow. Birds and small animals are still eating and calling to one another.

We come to a stream, dry mostly, muddy elsewhere. Daughter Jane tells me how to go, where the wagon trail will be that takes me to the post road that take me to the hamlet where you are. I say thank you and lift her hand to kiss it. She says no, I thank you. They look at you and forget about me. She watches as I step down into the stream's dry bed. I turn and look up at her. Are you a demon I ask her. Her wayward eye is steady. She smiles. Yes, she

says. Oh, yes. Go now.

I walk on alone except for the eyes that join me on my journey. Eyes that do not recognize me, eyes that examine me for a tail, an extra teat, a man's whip between my legs. Wondering eyes that stare and decide if my navel is in the right place, if my knees bend backward like the foreleg of a dog. They want to see if my tongue is split like a snake's, if my teeth are filed to points to eat them with. To know if I can spring out of the darkness and bite. Inside I am shrinking. I walk though the dry bed shaded by watching trees and know I am not the same. I am losing something with every step I take. I can feel the drain. Something alive is leaving me. I am a thing apart. With the letter I belong and am lawful. Without it I am a shivering rabbit, a crow without wings, a minion with no tell tale signs but a darkness I am born with, outside, yes, but inside as well and the inside dark, is small and toothy. Is that what my mother knows? why she chooses me to live without? Not the outside dark we share, Madre and me, but the inside one we don't. Or is this dying mine alone? Suddenly it is not like before when I am always in fear. I am not afraid of anything now. The sun's going leaves darkness behind and the dark is me. I am at home.

Tk: 8 Sorrow

Tk 9: Florens arriving at smithy's

10.

Neither one will want your brother. I know their tastes. Breasts provide the pleasure more than simpler things. Yours will rise soon enough and become irritated by the cloth covering your little girl chest. And they will see and I will see them see. No good follows even if I offered you to one of the boys in the quarter. Figo. You remember him. He was the gentle one with the horses and played with you in the yard. I saved the rinds for him and sweet bread to take away for the others. Bess, his mother, knew my mind and did not disagree. She watched over her son like a hawk as I did over you. But it never does any lasting good, my love. There was no protection. None. Certainly not with your appetite for shoes. It was as though you were hurrying up your breasts and hurrying also the lips of an old married couple.

Understand me. There was no protection and nothing in the catechism to tell them no. I tried to tell Reverend Father. I hoped if we could learn our letters somehow some day you could make your way. Reverend Father was full

of bravery and said it was what God wanted no matter if they imprisoned him or hunted him down with gunfire for it as they did others who taught us to read. He believed we would love God more if we knew the letters to read. I don't know that. What I know is there is magic in knowing.

When the tall man came again, I saw he hated the food and I saw things in his eyes that said he did not trust Senor, Senora or their sons. His way, I thought, is another way. His country far from here. There was no animal in his heart. He never looked at me the way Senor looked. He did not want.

I don't know who is your father. It was too dark to see any of them. They came and took three of us including Bess. They said they were told to break us in. There is no protection. To be female in this place is to be an open wound that cannot heal. Even if scars form, the festering is ever below.

One chance, I thought. There is no protection but there is difference. You stood there in the shoes and the tall man laughed and offered to take us to close the debt. I knew Senor would not allow it. I said you. Take you, my love. The tall one was sweating, laughing, restless. But he said yes.

It was not a miracle. It was mercy. I dropped to my knees.

You will kneel to read this, squat, perhaps in a few places. I apologize for the discomfort. Sometimes the tip of the nail skates away and the forming of words is disorderly. Reverend Father never likes that. He raps our fingers and makes us do it over. I stop my telling only when the lamp burns down. Then I sleep among my words. The telling goes on as dream and when I wake it takes a while to pull away, leave this room and do chores.

Tk [re: Mistress, Lila, Sorrow. Loss of the smithy]

There is no more room in this room. The floor is covered. From now you will stand to hear me. The walls make trouble because lamp light is too small to see by. I am holding light in one hand and carving letters with the other. My arms ache so but it is good to tell you this. I did not know it when I hurt the child. I am near the door and at the closing now. What will I do with my nights when the telling stops? All of a sudden I am remembering. You won't read my telling. You don't know how to. Don't laugh. Maybe one day you will

learn. If so, come to this farm again, open the gate you made, enter the new house, climb the stairs and enter this room in daylight. If you don't read this no one will. These careful words, closed up and wide open, will talk to themselves. Round and round, side to side, bottom to top, top to bottom all across the world that is this room. Only here am I Florens. In full. And forgiven.

END